

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark green color, framing the central text.

**fear fun**

**lolliroppen**

## fear fun by lollirotten

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**Summary:**

hahaha, ha.. help me.

## **fear fun**

You moved to Derry when you were twelve years old. There was no real rhyme or reason to it, your mom and dad uprooted you and moved to this little podunk town. It didn't have a modern theater, and your dad had cashed out everything he had to open one up. Something about how he had lived there as a kid and wanted to bring it into modern times. You didn't care, all that was really on your mind was how you'd be the cool new kid whose dad owned the movie theater.

That was six years ago. You're 18 now, getting ready to graduate high school. The theater was a huge success, and helped you make friends. Sure, a lot of them just wanted to get into see a free movie, but the fact was, you had the best sleepovers. New movies, an empty theater all night to yourselves? Yeah, you were the coolest kid in town. You've been applying for college for the past year and finally got accepted into one. This was gonna be your last few months in Derry. Turns out, it was gonna be the last summer of some people's lives.

People started disappearing at an alarming rate. Sometimes parts of them would show up. A shoe. A coat. Usually they were found floating down the river, down from where the sewer's entrance was. You joked about there being an alligator in the sewer, after having seen some new articles about that in Florida. You'd shove your friends towards the storm drain and laugh. "Careful now, don't want the gator to getcha!" They'd smack you and say it wasn't that funny. You knew it wasn't, but you had a hard time coping with things like this. You turned to humor to get you through.

Still, no amount of jokes really prepared you for what you saw, standing at the door of the old house on Neibolt Street. A clown. He was something of an anachronism, in dirty grey ruffles and tattered pom poms. You'd seen that kind of clown in some old art at the antique store. It was almost Victorian in the manner it dressed. It was odd and out of place.

You stood there, staring at him for some time, before you blinked and he was gone. You could feel your heart beating again, wondering if you had hallucinated, or what was going on. Still, you had things to

do, and so you left. But that smile lingered in the back of your mind, haunting you as you laid your head down to sleep that night. That house. There had always been something about that house. Your mom loved it. Old and run down and slightly Victorian in its build. She talked about buying it and renovating it a lot. Even had gone to the town to find out who owned it, but no one seemed to know.

That was odd in itself, that no one knew who had it. Surely there were tax records? But it was all a dead end. A mystery that your mother had given up solving. But now you had a clue. That clown. He had to be involved.

You stared at the ceiling above your bed, counting the tiles, trying to sleep. Sleep wouldn't come. You jumped at the sound of water dripping from the faucet in the bathroom next door, and you pulled yourself up and moved to the door. Fucking faucet. You'd tightened it a hundred times, but it still insisted on making noise. Flipping the light on, you rubbed your face and pushed at the knobs to make the dripping stop.

It stopped - but so did your heart. A deep, guttural growl came from the drain in the bath tub. You stared at yourself in the mirror, thinking that maybe you were still asleep, but it came again. You turned slowly, trying not to breathe, as blood bubbled from the drain. What was this? It didn't make any sense. Maybe the drain was clogged up. Okay, but blood? Where was that coming from? You frowned, picking up the plunger from beside the toilet, and plunging at the drain. After a moment of this, the blood began to seep down the drain again.

"Okay then..." You muttered, turning on the water and washing the bit down the drain. Staring intently at the drain now, waiting to see if it began to bubble up again, you didn't notice the door behind you closing, or the clown from before, with his menacing grin standing behind it. You squinted, and after a moment, decided that the clog had been jostled loose. Standing up straight now, you turned, plunger still in hand, only to come face to face with him. With it. You jump, startled by his sudden appearance, and sling the plunger out of reflex.

His gloved hand caught the makeshift weapon, and he yanked it from your hands, tossing it to the side.

"How did- who- was that-..." You tried to stutter out a series of questions, but didn't manage to make a single one. He stuttered back at you, mocking your inability to talk, and you stepped back, suddenly hyper aware of the fact that you had nowhere to go. Your calves pressed against the cold porcelain of the tub behind you, you stared back at him, and suddenly, his hand was on your throat and he was inches away from you.

You squeaked. You'd never been one to scream in fear - it was always more of a squeaky yelp than anything else - and he cocked his head to one side, that grin still there. Those teeth dripping saliva. Eyes a sick shade of yellow. You tried to swallow, but his grip on your neck prevented much movement. Your heart beat quickening at the feeling of asphyxiation. The terror of possibly being killed, igniting that burn in your lower body. His expression changed just slightly, from one of delight to one of confusion.

"Are you not afraid?" He growled, voice strange, almost inhuman but still somehow human. You nodded, biting your bottom lip. You were afraid. You were terrified. And god, was it making you hot. You might have been the most popular girl in Derry, what with your movie theater dad, but none of these boys really ever understood you. The rush of pleasure you felt from pain, from fear. How you wanted to be helpless when it came to them fucking you. They never understood. This creature, this clown, he didn't seem to understand either.

His grip loosened on your neck and you collapsed to the floor, coughing for a moment, before you looked up at him. He was tall, lanky, dangerously inhuman, staring down at you. You didn't know what the look on his face was. Was it curiosity or disgust? You moved, fingers curling around the loose fabric of the pants he wore. His hand reach down, fingers running through your hair for a moment, before a fist clenched, and he began to pull you across the floor. You yelped again, and struggled against his grip as he moved towards the door and then to your bedroom, pulling you up and throwing you onto the bed like a doll.

Another yelp, but more of a groan, came from your mouth, and suddenly, he was on top of you. You stared up, his arm against your chest, the buck teeth in his grin changed, morphing into something

horrifying, these rows of sharp teeth appearing, mouth opening wider - wider, impossibly so, disfiguring the rest of his face. You closed your eyes, and suddenly, wrapped your legs around his waist. Your night gown had ridden up to your hips now, and you pushed the damped crotch of your panties against him. When you opened your eyes again, the teeth were gone, and the clown was there once again.

He moved his face in, inhaling your scent, from your hair and your neck. "I can smell your fear." He growled, and you groaned. "And your desire." His voice fell to a whisper this time. You gasped, feeling his tongue against the skin of your ear, running down your neck, across your collarbone. Had he come across this before? Surely, in the creature's existence, you weren't the first to want him.

"Please," you muttered, hips moving against his body, almost whining at him. Those sharpened teeth appeared again, scraping against the skin of your neck, leaving reddened lines behind as you moaned. His arm moved from your chest, pulling at the neckline of your gown and ripping it, your breasts exposed to him now. His tongue moved down, flicking against your nipple, teeth grazing it, when he bit down on your breast, just enough to pierce the skin. You cried out in a mixture of pain and pleasure. Would he kill you at any time? You didn't know the answer, and it only served to make your heart beat faster and you to grow wetter.

A bit of a laugh came from his lips against your skin, tongue running against the blood on your breast. You were still rocking your hips. It only encouraged him more, hand reaching down to rip the fabric from the crotch of your panties, exposing your wetness to him. His fingers ran against your skin, and you wondered when he'd removed his glove. Pushing two inside of you, you groaned out and squirmed, the bleeding spots on your breast stinging. He grinned wildly, another finger going into you, twisting around and pumping in and out as a thumb grazed your aching clit.

"Oh, what's this, what's this?" He continued to tease your clit, fourth finger sliding inside of you as his grin continued to widen. "I'll cheer you up, girl, how about a balloon? WOuldn't you like a balloon?" There was suddenly a feeling of inflation, stretching your pussy as he laughed, and you cried out in another mixture of pleasure and pain, and soon, he produced a red balloon, covered in your juices. He

offered it to you, only for it to pop, blood pouring from inside it onto you and your bed. You cried out in terror and surprise. He giggled again, wildly, but stopped at the drop of a dime, expression growing darker, more serious and malevolent, and he pushed his dick inside of you suddenly. Inhuman feeling, thick and slimy, almost as if it were moving inside of you at its own volition. You cried out as he stretched you, pumping faster than any boy you'd ever had before. You couldn't control your volume. Louder, louder.

He cackled as he thrust in and out of you, fingers turning to claws that gripped your breasts, drawing blood from them as he moved. You cried out, unable to move, the mixed sensations overwhelming you. All you could do was scream. Tears began to escape from your eyes as he continued to push into you. It felt like he was getting bigger and bigger with each thrust. Then you opened your eyes again, looking at him. His face had deformed again, all teeth and dripping drool onto you. The saliva stung against the scratches on your breasts.

There was movement behind him now, and it terrified you. These black tendrils seemed to appear from behind him, and they wrapped around your body, one around each wrist, one around your waist, and began to lift you up and off of his dick. You whined. You'd been so close to climaxing. Suspended in the air now, you squeezed your legs shut as these arms of his wrapped around your ankles, pulling your legs back apart. He pulled you closer, back onto him with a fury, his face back to being that of the clown's, and his eyes large and yellow still.

Your mouth opened with a groan and one of the tendrils pushed into it, gagging you. Between his claws moving you on his dick and these monstrous tentacle-like arms touching you, you couldn't think. You couldn't concentrate on anything now, only the intensity of this pleasure. You moaned against the tentacle in your mouth as one began to graze against your asshole as well. You shook your head at him, eyes tearing up more, but it pushed inside of your ass without hesitation, and suddenly, everything thrusting into you gained a rhythm, faster, faster, and harder.

Your moans were muffled against that fleshy thing inside your mouth, and your eyes produced tears, but you had never before felt

pleasure this intense. Your eyes rolled back into your head, and you couldn't feel anything except the orgasm building inside of your body. Each thrust in each hole pushed you further to that edge, and suddenly, you body tensed and you came on the clown's dick inside of you. You could hear him laughing. You could hear that cackle as his claws dug against your skin, leaving scratches behind them.

He continued his assault, and soon you felt another tentacle pressing against your pussy beside his dick, pushing inside of you, the two thrusting at opposite times. You couldn't take it. You screamed against the one in your mouth, the one that was tickling the back of your throat, and you felt a sudden rush of heat inside you. Each one of the things was ejaculating. Four now inside of you, a few on your body. The juice stung harshly against your wounds, and they dropped you on the bed. The clown's grin never ceased, and you lay there, unable to move.

His fingers ran against your pussy, throbbing and aching, bleeding just a bit from being stretched and assaulted. He licked the juice from his fingers, looking at you with now blue eyes.

"Tasty, tasty," he muttered, but with a wink, he was gone.